(Poor ignorant baubles [9]!) on our terrible seas, Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd As easily 'gainst our rocks : For joy whereof, The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point (O, giglot fortune [1]!) to master Csesar's sword [2], Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright, And Britons strut with courage.

CLO. Come there's no more tribute to be paid : Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time : and, as I said, there is no more such Caesars : other of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe such straight arms, none.

CYM. Son, let your mother end.

CLO. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan : I do not say, *I* am one ; but I have a hand.—Why tribute ? why should we pay tribute ? If Caesar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

CYM. You must know,

9 (Poor IGNORANT baubles !)] *Unacquainted* with the nature of our boisterous seas. JOHNSON.

1 (O, GIGLOT fortune!)] O false and inconstant fortune ! A *giglot* was a strumpet. So, in Measure for Measure, vol. Ix. p. 197 :

" Away with those *giglots* too." So,, also, in Hamlet:

"Out, out, thou *strumpet fortune !* " MALONE.

2 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point ----to master Csesar's sword,] Shakspeare has here trans ferred to Cassibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius. ," The same historic (says Holinshed) also maketh mention of Nennius, brother to Cassibellane, who in fight hap pened to get Caesar's sword fastened in his shield by a blow which Caesar stroke at him.—But Nennius died within 15 dayes after , the battel, of the hurt received at Csesar's hand, although after he was hurt he slew Labienus one of the Roman tribunes."

Book in. ch. xiiu Nennius, we are told by Geffrey of Mon- mouth, was buried with great funeral pomp., and Caesar's sword placed in his tomb, MALONE.